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hood has made many and great gains within a hundred years. Arbitration has already won its place among the forces of civilization. The number of those of all classes who are opposed to war has greatly increased. The protest against it as iniquitous and grotesquely absurd is now one that never ceases, not even when hostilities are raging. The opposition is thoroughly organized,—conscious of the righteousness of its cause, and neither ashamed nor afraid to make itself heard. Every war to-day has to defend itself before the public conscience of the world. The twentieth century opens with a permanent international court of arbitration set up and ready to commence its work, an accomplishment the foretelling of which a century ago would have been pronounced the wildest and absurdest of dreams. The Utopia of yesterday has become the reality of to-day. It will be so again. There was never before so great reason as now for pushing, in faith and hope, the holy cause of peace, with all possible strength and earnestness. It is the cause of God and of humanity. The new century begins with all the upward movements of the race in alliance with us, and it ought not to end without the complete and everlasting triumph of the cause for which this society has so long labored.

In closing our report, we desire to record our devout thanks to the God of peace for the blessings which he has bestowed upon the work of the society and all kindred organizations, not only during the past year, but during the whole period of their existence.

On behalf of the Board of Directors,

BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD,  
*Secretary.*

BOSTON, May 17, 1901.

### Correspondence.

*Dear Dr. Trueblood:* I am glad you have told, in plain English, the true morality of those wretched *Independent* and *Outlook* (facing-both-ways) deliverances on the Aguinaldo capture. These proofs that when men undertake to make wrong right they have sold themselves to the devil, ought to make us all the more assured of the rectitude of our position in steadily, if unsuccessfully, denouncing the war spirit as tantamount to all immoralities. The proofs of our sanity are so abundant as to startle even ourselves. For myself, I am thankful that "I have kept the faith," and have uttered no word of which I shall be ashamed in the Great Assize. But we are all demoralized by these sad events, and there is no room for boasting.

Yours cordially,  
BROOKLINE, MASS., May 8.

T.

*Dear Dr. Trueblood:* Allow me to criticise an article reprinted from the *Commercial Advertiser* in the May ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

I do not think its onslaught on the Christian church either true or justifiable. The churches have their faults, and great ones, and some of them unquestionably in the line indicated. They have not spoken as they should against war in general, nor against the cruel butchery of England in South Africa and our own country in the Philippines. Let this be sadly confessed; but even so, to say of the Christian churches as such that they are to-day "disseminators of a pestilent falsehood directly opposed

to the teaching of Christ," . . . "wretched servitors of Mammon, waiting on the Time-Spirit," etc., is neither kind, nor true, nor just.

It may be a fair characterization of some of them, — alas! if it should be so,—but not of all by any means; and Mr. Carman is going altogether too far when he makes such an arraignment. I believe many pastors would utterly repudiate the imputation for themselves and their churches. As for myself, I wish as occasion serves to plead for peace, and to denounce war as entirely opposed to the teachings and precepts of our Lord, and I do so.

Very truly yours,  
NEW YORK, May 10, 1901.

W. T. S.

*Dear Friend:* I am glad the ADVOCATE OF PEACE grows stronger year by year in its ability to set forth the truth on this grand subject of peace and arbitration. I hope to live to see the day when a Christian will be just as much ashamed to confess that he ever upheld war as all Christians are to-day ashamed of holding a former belief in human slavery.

R. H. S.

### Plymouth Rock.

BY ELIZABETH SAMPSON HOYT.

Where midnight stars an audience gave,  
There Plymouth Rock still stands to save.

To save? For whom sailed out those braves  
Who landed there from wrathful waves?

When midnight stars that audience heard,  
They thrilled with Time's most august word:

"Father Jehovah, we are here;  
Tyrants will find our coming dear.

"Hail, love divine; hail, love of earth;  
Great God, hail thou a nation's birth!"

Then Plymouth Rock was cleft with fire,  
And Seraphim led off the choir,

As canopy and ocean-strand  
Proclaimed the anthem of our land:

"Henceforth forever be it known  
That we, the People, are the throne,

"To stay the wrong, to speed the right,  
With all our grand ideal might:

"Ourselves and our posterity  
Sacred to truth and liberty."

Lifts here a hand against *that* creed,  
Let him to Plymouth's shrine proceed.

If there his soul is not then stirred  
By what that sentinel rock once heard,

The splashing waves will sure retreat,  
And leave a desert at his feet;

Each midnight star will veil its face  
From traitor found in holy place;

And in no land for him shall be  
Music, "My country, 'tis of thee."